

DRAFT BEER, ZOMBIES, AND COFFEE

"My old man's an asshole," she says.

"Yes, many are," you say. Christ, you wouldn't even be in this bar if that shitbird Tony, the bartender, didn't owe you fifty bucks. You don't see him. It must be his night off.

"He ran off with an oriental girl," she says.

"It happens," you say. You take a better look at her. Short black hair, blood-red fingernails, lots of make-up, big tits. Not bad. A little broad in the beam, but what the hell, you like them that way.

"She couldn't even speak good English. She was from Taiwan or Thailand. Some place like that." She's starting to cry.

You touch her shoulder, "Forget the bum," you say, "I'll buy you a drink." She switches from draft beer to zombies.

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"Get up quick, he's home," she says, pushing you towards the edge of the bed.

"Who?" you're trying to remember where you are, what happened. Zombies, dope in the car, the first fight at the twenty-four-hour taco shop, the scratch marks on your back, the five-year-old girl saying, "Mommy, get off that man's head."

"What, huh, what about the oriental girl?"

"I made that up. He works the night shift. We must have over slept."

Everything looks foggy. You hear footsteps in the next room. You grab your underwear and pull them on. They don't feel right. The door opens and he stands there looking at you with his metal lunchbox in his hand. The little girl is holding on to his leg saying, "Last night Momma was on top of him and she was screaming and now he's wearing her underwear."

They're pale yellow with pink cupids and flying arrows.

You hitch them up and say, "Hi. Coffee ready yet?"